

# Good Morning

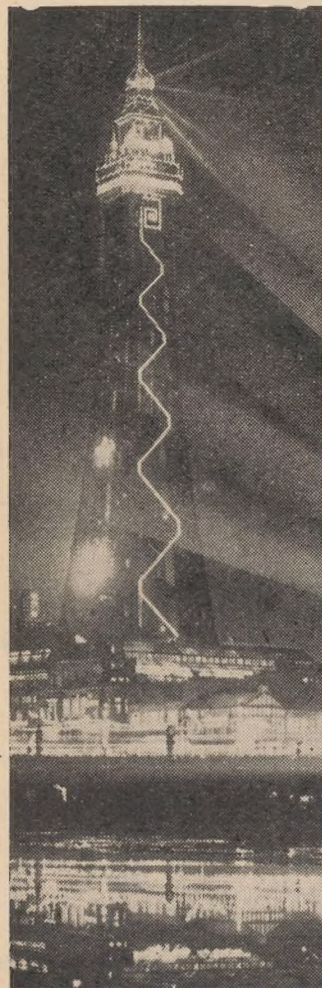
The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

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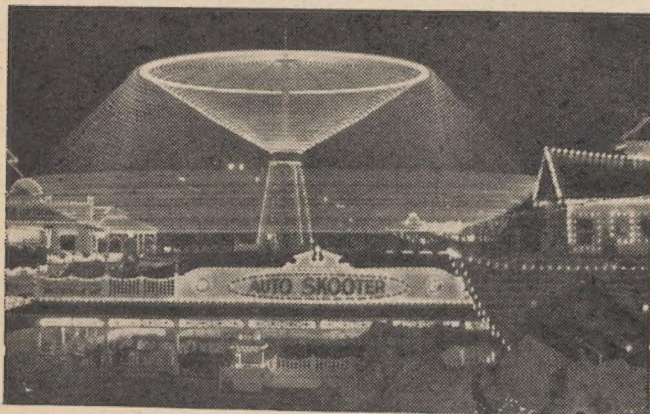
## Invites you to-day to join in a "Whole Page Holiday"

and the programme of course is—

# A Visit to Blackpool



Here are the famous lights—remember?



All the fun of the fair!

EVERY week during the wakes and holidays, 300,000 people throng to Blackpool, Britain's biggest fun-fair, with its seven miles of promenade, on which the Corporation recently lavished £1,500,000. More than a promenade, it includes the very latest in sunken gardens, sun-traps, and attractive playgrounds for children.

In the 300-acre Stanley Park are forty tennis courts, six bowling greens, an 18-hole golf course, and a 30-acre boating lake. The town has 15 to 20 cinemas, three amusement piers, and a 1,600,000-gallon swimming stadium.

The famous Tower, built in 1894, rises to a height of 520 feet; from its summit on a clear day you can see the Isle of Man, 60 miles away. Millions of people know the enormous ballroom in the Tower build-

ings, which will accommodate 6,000 dancers, but not many know that a few years ago its floor was entirely relaid with 75,000 blocks of selected mahogany, maple, walnut and oak.

The old floor had been danced on by 100,000,000 people, whose feet had worn away the surface for five-eighths of an inch.

If others of our coastal resorts did not borrow their amusements from Blackpool, they certainly have taken their cue from the Queen of Watering Places for improving and adding to their own. For the middle name of a first-class pleasure resort is variety. While you may be happy to sit and bask in the sun for a day, you may also be moved to sample the assorted thrills of the place, be bumped, jerked, ridiculed, whirled around at amazing speeds, and generally have a high old time.

Once in a while the Big Wheel breaks down, leaving its passengers marooned unperilously, but high and dry, in glass cages for two. At such times, proprietors, with eyes ever on the box office, may rise to the occasion by offering a tanner to the "inconvenienced," by way of an extra "draw."

Every year switchbacks get faster and more thrilling. Blackpool's earliest was the first to be built in Europe, in 1907. Its maximum speed was some 35 m.p.h.; top height 40 feet.

In deference to unspoken demands for bigger thrills, higher speeds, the old railway was scrapped and a new one built.

### UP SHE GOES.

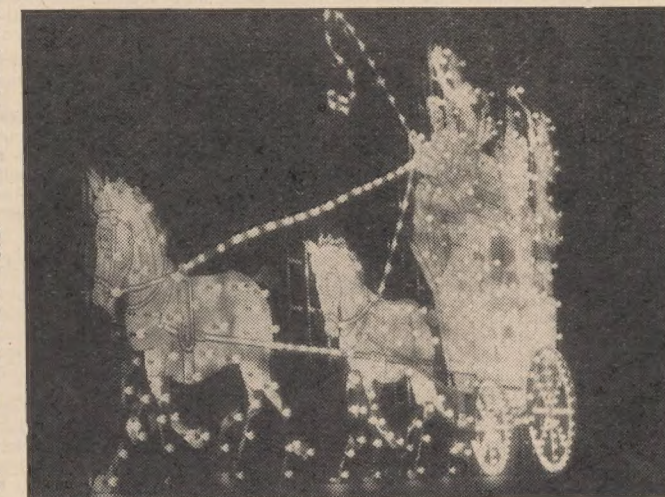
Now the top speed of the cars is 72 m.p.h., and the highest point they reach is over 70 feet above the ground.

When are these hair-raising swoops unsafe, if ever? Mechanically, the rides are danger-proof. Risks are confined to the patently foolish, who, in a spirit of bravado, stand up or take other chances. The whole apparatus is several times

stronger than it need be. The engineers who construct and service them are experienced designers of bridges, funicular railways and high buildings.

### DOWN SHE COMES.

They estimate to the nth degree the speed at which a car should travel down a slope and up a part of the next, so that by a continuous band fitted with grappling hooks the vehicles can be carried happily up the rest of the gradient, then released for the next downward run.



There were some pretty elaborate fun and games about the place.

Safety ratchets would operate in the unlikely event of the 26. Bathing had just come into motors stalling or the hoisting cables snapping; and visual signals, self-operated, rule out the risk of collision.

The Home Office, too, is concerned in the safety of these and all similar mechanical thrillers. Government sleuths constantly make unexpected inspections.

Few people visit Blackpool, or any other seaside resort, without "going on the pier." In normal times, 2,000,000 persons pass through the toll-gates of the Palace Pier, Brighton, in one year.

In one notable season, receipts on Southend's pier, the longest in the country, amounted to £84,000—a record.

It wasn't so long ago that no one dreamed of bathing. Doctors then announced that sea-water was both good to drink and good to bathe in, and needful decorum was met by a Margate man named Benjamin Beale, who invented the now old-fashioned huge-wheeled hut.

Soon long rows adorned the sands of every seaside place.

### WHEN THE BELL TOLLED.

At Blackpool the proprieties were rigidly observed by the ringing of a bell as a signal for the ladies to bathe. Woe betide any man then found loitering on the sands. Penalty was a fine of a bottle of wine.

Music festivals are becoming an institution inseparable from the seaside resort.

Bournemouth spends £25,000 a year on its musical arrangements, and its permanent municipal orchestra of over 60 players—the largest in the world—is, along with the magnificent £300,000 pavilion, one of the town's biggest attractions.

In 1851, Bournemouth was a wee place of 695 people. Only 50 or so years ago Blackpool boasted barely 10,000 inhabitants; now it varies, between seasons, from 130,000 to anything up to a quarter-million.

It first took its place on the map in 1751 as "Black Pool Town," when a few holiday-makers used to repair there by stage coach. During the summer of 1939, about 300 trains were entering and leaving the town every day.

Thousands of people are employed catering for the holiday crowds; 2,000 are engaged making switchbacks alone. Fortunes are spent on new ideas, new thrills; a high proportion of which do not catch on at all, and are scrapped.

Psychologists and fear-escape complexes figure largely in the choice or modification of all these thrills for workers and leave men, but no matter how sophisticated, modern girls love a chance to let loose feminine shrieks and clutch their male escorts.

Thus it is the reactions of the sensation-loving female more than the male that are the governing factors in the provision of the more pretentious amusement park draws.



It will all be back soon—the holidays, the fun and the lights that make all the difference after hard work.



# They Carried Black Dynamite

CAPTAIN LEDOUX was a born sailor. He had started at the bottom and worked his way up to the rank of assistant-quartermaster. At the Battle of Trafalgar his left hand was so severely damaged by splinters of wood that he had to have it amputated; and, consequently, he received his discharge, together with first-rate testimonials.

The quiet monotony of home life was distasteful to him, and when he was offered the post of second-lieutenant on board a corsair, he eagerly seized the opportunity of going to sea again. In due time he became captain of a pirate lugger which could boast of three guns and a crew of sixty dauntless sailors.

When slave trading was prohibited by law it could not be undertaken without running great risks, for it was necessary not only to evade the watchfulness of the French Customs officers (which was not so very difficult), but also to escape being captured by English cruisers. Captain Ledoux proved invaluable to these "ebony" merchants.

Built for slave trading, his vessel, the "Hope," was a fast sailer, narrow and long like a war-ship, and yet able to hold a great number of slaves. He had had the 'tween decks made narrower and less lofty; had reduced the height to forty inches, declaring that that left sufficient room for any slave of reasonable stature to sit at ease.

The slaves would sit with their backs against the sides of the ship in two parallel lines, leaving a free space between their feet, which, in all other slave ships, was only used as a gangway. It was Ledoux's idea to make use of this free space by putting more slaves there, forcing them to sit at right-angles to the others. In this way his brig would hold at least ten slaves more than any other ship of the same size.

The "Hope" weighed anchor in the port of Nantes on a Friday—a fact which

By PROSPER  
MERINEE

superstitious people subsequently recalled. The Customs officers who visited the brig for the purpose of inspecting everything on board did not come across six large cases full of chains, handcuffs, and those irons which were for some unknown reason called "bonds of justice."

The very considerable supply of fresh water which had been stowed on board did not seem to astonish them, in spite of the fact that the "Hope" (according to her bills) was only going to Senegambia for the purpose of trading in wood and ivory. The journey was certainly not a long one, but perhaps they thought there was no harm in erring on the safe side—for the water would be invaluable if they happened to be becalmed.

So the good ship "Hope" set sail on a Friday, thoroughly well provisioned and equipped. Ledoux fancied at first that the masts seemed hardly stout enough; but in the course of time he found that the vessel fulfilled his expectations in every way. They had a first-rate journey, and the coast of Africa was soon sighted. The anchor was lowered at Joal, that portion of the coast being at the time unguarded by English cruisers; and the native merchants immediately came on board.

The moment could not have been more favourable. Tamango, a well-known warrior and slave dealer, had just reached the coast with a convoy of slaves, which he was selling at cheap rates with the confidence of a man who feels that he has the power of meeting any demands as soon as the article of his trade becomes scarcer.

Captain Ledoux landed at the mouth of the river and called on Tamango. He found him sitting in a straw hut, which had been hastily erected for him, together with his two wives, a few petty traders, and the slave drivers. Tamango had felt bound to put some clothes on to receive the white captain.

The old blue uniform which he wore could still be recog-

nised as having been a corporal's, but there were two gold epaulettes on each shoulder, both fastened to the same button and hanging down, one behind, the other in front. As he did not wear a shirt, and the tunic was too small for a man of his stature, a broad zone of black skin was visible between the white facings of the uniform and the canvas breeches.

A heavy cavalry sword which hung at his side was fastened by a string, and a fine double-barrelled English rifle completed the outfit in which the African warrior doubtless considered himself more than a match for the most exquisite dandy from London or Paris.

Captain Ledoux stared at him for some time in silence, and Tamango, flattered by the belief that he was making a great impression on the white man, drew himself up like a grenadier being inspected by a strange general.

Ledoux, after having critically examined him, turned to his chief officer and observed, "There's a piece of brawn which would fetch at least a thousand crowns if we could only land him safe and sound in Martinique."

As soon as they had sat down the customary greetings were

exchanged, a sailor who had a smattering of the "Yolof" language acting as interpreter. A basket full of bottles of brandy was brought, drinking began at once, and the captain thought to propitiate Tamango by making him a present of a fine copper powder-flask with a portrait of Napoleon embossed on it. The gift was acknowledged with the conventional show of gratitude. Tamango then suggested that they should go and sit outside in the shade (not forgetting the brandy bottle) and inspect the slaves he had to sell.

Whenever they set out on a march, one of the slave drivers bore on his shoulder the handle of the yoke of the first slave, who carried that of the man behind him; the second slave carried the yoke-handle of the third slave, and so on with the others. When a halt was made, the leader of the file drove the pointed end of his yoke-handle into the ground and the whole column came to a standstill. There was no question of escape from the file.

The captain shrugged his shoulders as each slave, male or female, passed before him; he called them puny creatures, said that the females were too old or too young, and complained of the degeneracy of the black race.

"The whole race is deteriorating," he declared. "It used to be quite different in the olden days, when every woman was five foot six, and four men could easily have worked a frigate's capstan and raised the sheet anchor."

However, he critically picked out a first assortment, choosing the strong and the good-looking, for which he was willing to pay the usual price; on the remainder he demanded a considerable reduction. But Tam-

## TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



Historic monuments are always interesting. Most people keep their eyes skinned for them and mentally check up their school learning. Can you recognise this? It may be: Scott Memorial, Edinburgh; Albert Memorial, London; Steeple of a famous Wren Church; or the Eleanor Cross, Charing Cross, London. Can you place it? Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 149: Panda.

## QUIZ for today

1. A spider belongs to the Natural Order: Reptilia, Insecta, Brachiopoda, Arachnida, Porifera?
2. Who wrote (a) "The Lost Chord," (b) "The Unfinished Symphony"?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Tea, Coffee, Cocoa, Milk, Ovaltine, Bovril?
4. What was the name of Jacob's twin brother?
5. Who asked, "What is truth?"
6. Where did King Arthur hold his court?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Desecrate, Dessicate, Designate, Desperate, Desiderate?
8. What is General Hideki Tojo's nickname?
9. Who was Mr. Hoopdriver?
10. What is "mightier than the sword"?
11. The first Marine Regiment was formed in 1664, 1771, 1805, 1914, 1921?
12. What is the difference between a doublet and a triplet?

handed over to the French sailors, who lost no time in putting on iron chains and handcuffs in place of the wooden yokes.  
(To be continued)

## Answers to Quiz in No. 150

1. An elephant.
2. (a) Leon Feuchtwanger, (b) Christopher Marlowe.
3. Boiling is done with water; the others are not.
4. St. Cecilia.
5. Sydney Carton, in "A Tale of Two Cities."
6. Atlas.
7. Lamination, Lament.
8. a.m.
9. A character in "Treasure Island."
10. "The good is oft interred with their bones."
11. 1934.
12. A person who does not take sides in politics.

## JANE



## PIANO PRACTISE

LEONARD, a steadfast lad, resolved to practise on the piano regularly. Beginning on January 1 (1943), he devoted the same number of minutes daily, and at the end of April he totted up his musical score.

Claud, less prompt, but more aspiring, waited till January 16 before starting with the same number of minutes a day as Leonard, but on February he pepped-up the daily rate by one minute, on March 1 by a further minute, and on April 1 by yet another minute a day. He, too, totted up at the end of April, and found his musical moments exactly equalled Leonard's.

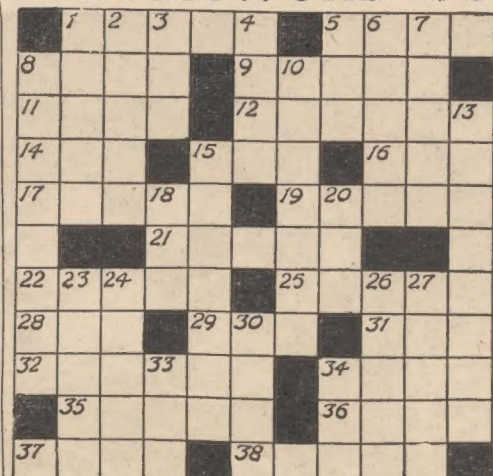
How long a day did each boy practise, and what was their total?

(Answer on Page 3)

## WANGLING WORDS—107

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after RAIGHTE, to make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters of HE KEEPS SARA to make a famous Englishman.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: WORK into PLAY, DAWN into WIND, FALL into DOWN, TREES into WOODS.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from CONFIDENTIAL?

## CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.  
1 Magnificent.  
5 Starchy food.  
8 Small furry beast.

9 Dwelt.  
11 Border on.  
12 Fowls.  
14 Free.  
15 Collection.  
16 Shrub.  
17 Sluggish.  
19 Verbal form.  
21 Sequence.  
22 Elliptical.  
25 Shelves.  
28 Part of table.  
29 Method.  
31 Murmur.  
32 Impelled.  
34 Extensive.  
35 Proceed smoothly.  
36 Rugby's river.  
37 Appear.  
38 Fruit drinks.

CLUES DOWN.  
1 Common bird. 2 Escape from. 3 Acquire. 4 Fine fabric. 5 Soak. 6 Add beauty to. 7 Kind. 8 Yellow flower. 10 Menacing touch. 13 Horticultural dealers. 15 Scattered. 18 Batting failures. 20 Space of time. 23 Brink. 24 Nimble. 26 Leek-like herb. 27 Colloquial glory. 30 Again. 33 Energy. 34 Colourless.

TRAM LEAP F  
HORACE LOBE  
ROCKET LULL  
ETHER TOTAL  
A SAMOYED  
DAB MAP RED  
WAPITIS I  
BASIC COLIN  
URSA PALATE  
SEEN OLIVER  
H TOAD DAMS



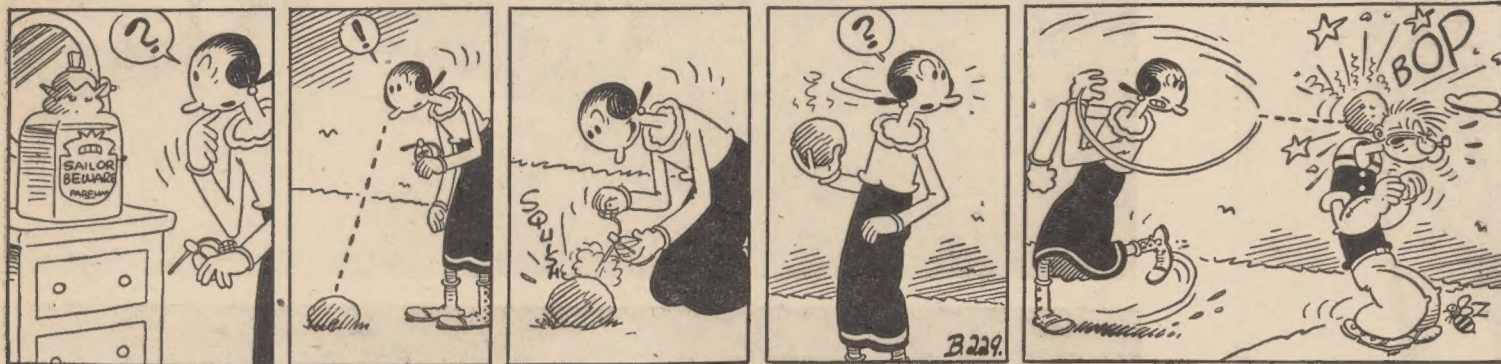
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



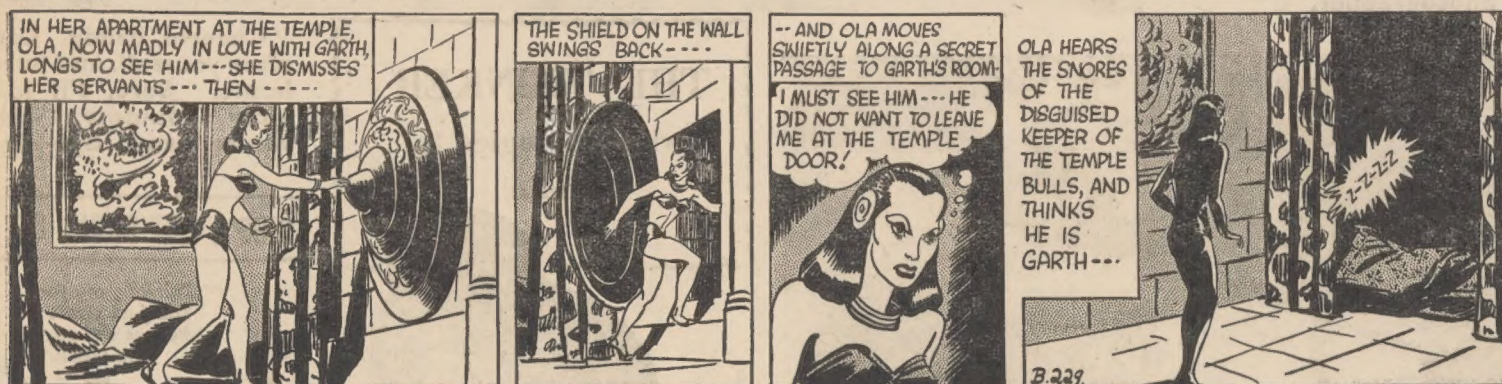
## POPEYE



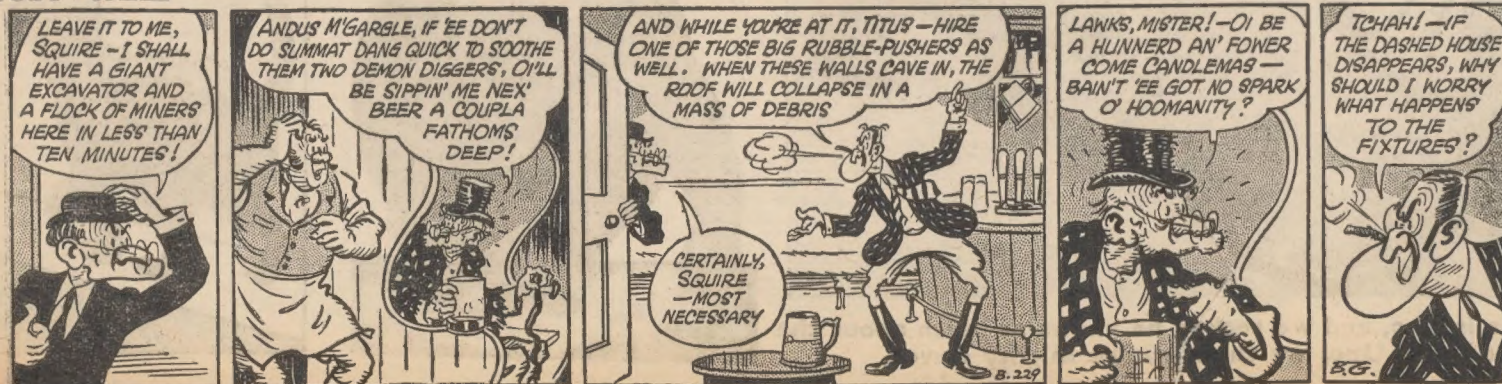
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## John Nelson looks back-2

SOON after reaching his sixteenth birthday a Hednesford youth named William Henry Walker gave his signature to Aston Villa. Through practically all his playing career that name remained on the club's list.

It usually happens that when a father plays with distinction for one club, his son likes to link himself up with the same side. Father George Walker had played with Wolverhampton Wanderers. William Henry might have done so if he had not been seen by sharp-eyed Villa scouts in his very early days. They got him to sign up in 1915.

Villa's ground was shut up then, except for an occasional charity game, so Walker's efforts were confined to Wednesbury Old Park.

Jimmy Windridge, of Birmingham, Chelsea and Middlesbrough distinction, saw him in one of these little matches, and was so impressed that he could not rest until he got the boy's promise to play in a match for Birmingham against Leicester in November, 1916. As it happened, young Walker could not keep that promise.

After the war he began by playing centre-forward for Villa Reserves. Then it happened that Andrew Young, first team centre-forward, could not play in an English Cup tie against Queen's Park Rangers, so young Walker received speedy call-up.

He scored both the Villa's goals, and such was the skill of his game that he was kept in the position for a League match a few days later at Turf Moor, Burnley. A hat-trick against Newcastle United subsequently served to proclaim that a new star had appeared to illumine the game.

Thereafter he played a lot of football at centre-forward. He was even picked for England in that position. Don't imagine, however, that football lost a great centre-forward in order to find a brilliant inside-left. One man in this country will never agree with that idea—that was Billy Walker himself.

He could never regard himself as a G. O. Smith in the making. When Clem Stephenson left the Villa for Huddersfield he realised that he had found his true position, and how right his judgment was is shown by the fact that whenever a representative side had to be got together he seemed automatically to pick himself.

His club experimented with him in other positions, particularly at centre-half. He would play a good game anywhere, but in one position he excelled.

In a sense he was lucky. He had the great fortune to get a cup-winner's medal in his first season of big football. Few players do that. The next season brought his first international cap, and every year afterwards saw him harvesting more and more of the different treasured symbols that tell of honours in the game.

At inside-left he perhaps contributed more than most have done to the making of other great players.

Leonard Capewell could hardly fail to become a good centre with such a mentor, and Arthur Dorrell, on his other side, readily admitted that he owed his development more to Walker's influence than any other.

Billy Walker was just one of those players of genius who never seemed to find hard work in football. He knew how to make the ball do almost anything but talk. He would swerve, side-step, or thrust forward, as the situation demanded, regardless of the attentions of opponents. His fine physique permitted him to do that.

His football seemed effortless. That was his art. But no one who knew the real Walker can forget that there were times when he had literally played himself to a standstill to serve his side.

He was a master of his craft, and rarely wasted a ball. Had there been a trace of selfishness he could not have been half the player he was. That was his crowning glory. From first to last he played for his side. He was the main-spring of any forward line, and he always kept a cool head, whatever course a match might take.

The tribute of a Scottish defender after a Wembley match is about the best that could have been given: He was just the worst inside-left any defence could wish to meet.

## Solution to Numerical Puzzle in No. 150.

£4 19s. 0d., £3 6s. 0d., £2 4s. 0d.  
(After paying 11s. from each,  
£4 8s. 0d. equalled £2 15s. 0d.  
plus £1 13s. 0d.)

## Piano Practice Solution.

Leonard: 120 days @ 12 minutes a day—1,440.

Claud: 16 (Jan.) @ 12—192;  
28 (Feb.) @ 13—364; 31 (Mar.)  
@ 14—434; 30 (Apr.) @ 15—450;  
1,440.



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



Serves you right, Sister. We warned you about sun-bathing in public places. Lucky you held on to the rope — Saved a knotty problem for our photographer.



## This England

Minehead Church, Somerset. To those who know the coast of Somerset we can only hope that this view reminds them, as it does us, of gorgeous holidays there.



Believe it or not, but the dog's name is Uno, and we reckon he knows as much about the job as his master does. You know, Uno, we think you're mighty clever.

### THE THINKER (with apologies to Rodin)



"Cheerio, daddy. Look after yourself, and hurry home. Sure, I'll look after Mummy while you're away. Bye-bye."

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Thinker, my foot You just don't like seeing any-one work."

